

So- Fuck me? by Legally_Devorak

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Double Date, Dumbasses, M/M, Pining, Reddie, Side Benverly - Freeform, both are stupid but I love them a lot, college age, eddie is angry and smol, eventual sexy times? Maybe., unedited

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Ben Hanscom & Beverly Marsh, Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Reddie - Relationship

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Summary:

Because of a certain situation, Ben and Bev have a double date with Eddie (who did not sign up for this) and Richie (who couldn't be more stoked).

Formerly called "Tally ho, my good man."

1. Chapter 1

“Please, please, please, please.” Ben begged, shaking Eddie’s shoulder, careful not to mess up his combed hair.

“EDDIE. I will do anything you want- I will eat more veggies, I’ll make my bed, I’ll massage your feet, man. Just PLEASE help me out.” Ben said, he knelt down by Eddie’s bed and started bowing.

Eddie wanted to say no, he really did. It’s not that he didn’t want to go on a double date with Ben, he loved it and he also enjoyed the company of Ben’s current crush, Beverly Marsh. What he did not like and wanted to say no to was the fact that Ben was asking him to go out with Richie fucking Tozier. It literally sounds like the worst thing Eddie could think of, dramatic as that may seem.

He already has become accustomed to hearing Richie’s obnoxious jokes and Richie’s nicknames for him. He LOATHED being called spaghetti, he got that it rhymed but how fucking rude do you have to be to compare someone to a limp noodle? Eddie preferred “Eddie Confetti” or something that made him seem nice... because of Richie Tozier, he almost breaks down every time when ordering in Italian restaurants .

Still, seeing Ben this way made Eddie sad... and the romantic in him was blushing at Ben’s attempt to get the girl.

“Fine.” He sighed, trying not to smile at the way Ben widened his eyes. He didn’t try to get out of that hug, 1) Ben gives the best hugs and 2) He really needed a hug if he was gonna have to listen to Trashmouth crack jokes about his mom all night.

This is gonna be a LOOOOOONG night.

AN HOUR BEFORE-

“I’m sorry Ben, I fucked up.” Richie hears Beverly whisper-yell from the kitchen.

“Yeah, I know. I promised Richie that I’d hang out with him and you

know- he's kinda in the dumps about his ex right now," he hears her open a soda, so he peers around the corner to see the redhead sadly shaking her head.

Ben must've said something to her, cause suddenly she looks like she's in thought. "I mean- yeah, yeah. That sounds like a great idea. I'll talk to Richie about it. See you later, babe." She hangs up the phone and rushes around the corner- slamming headfirst into the peeping Tozier.

"Ah Fuck Bev- if you wanted to feel me up, you shou-"

Beverly cuts him off, "New game plan. Ben and I go on a double date with you and Ben's friend." She gave him a nervous brow raise, shaking her hands out.

"Is he cute?" Richie asks, not deterred by Bev's cuteness. What gay friends did Ben even have? That guy exudes testosterone. Well, he does like poetry Richie thought you himself.

Bev rolled her eyes, running a manicured hand through her short locks, "Yeah, his name is Ed-"

"EDDIE SPAGHETTI?" Richie yelled, his jaw dropping to the floor. Holy fuck he thought to himself, Eddie was gay. Gay Eddie was. "Holy shit, Bev. I did not see that coming, honestly."

"So you'll go?" Bev said, grabbing his hands and shaking them violently.

Yes, He thought to himself, If Eddie Kaspbrak was going to be there, looking as cute as a fucking button, then yes. He would have gone anyway with however, because it's Bev- but getting a chance to annoy the small, angry boy from his business class was too juicy to pass up.

He just fistbumped her and ran upstairs, he must look good for Eddie Spaghetti.

AT THE RESTAURANT-

Richie cleaned his glasses for the eight time, hoping they didn't look

smudged. If Eddie the perfectionist was gonna be there, Richie couldn't look bad. Richie looked to Bev, she looked beautiful in her sparkly silver dress and her diamond studs, gifted to her from Ben.

Finally, his Prince Charming arrived... Richie pretend not to notice the scowl that plagued Eddie's gorgeous face, he couldn't help himself as he watched Ben and Bev hug and Eddie awkwardly watch.

"Hey Spaghetti," he began, patting his lap until Eddie glared at him, "got you a seat right here! Come on, it's warm."

"Fuck you." Eddie sat in the seat across from him, careful not to touch his feet under the cramped table.

He looked like a businessman angel baby and Richie couldn't help but feel a blush rise on his cheeks.

He had always liked to mess with Eddie, he wore his emotions on his sleeve and gets angry easily. Richie, The comedian that he is, loved getting a reaction. So, he would poke and prod at Eddie about his "golden gucci loafers" and his fanny pack, just to see his face as he verbally accosted Richie. Maybe he had always liked Eddie, he thought suddenly. Maybe it was his hair, or the damned fanny pack full of pills... or the way he called him a Trashmouth- Yeah, that really got him going.

"What are you staring at?" Eddie whispered, trying not to disturb the lovebirds next to him.

Richie sighed, "You just look-" he stops himself.

"I look what, dipshit?" Eddie curls his lip, taking a piece of bread out of the basket.

Beautiful.

Handsome.

Beddable.

Tasty.

"Just like your mother, Eds" he says as he gently touches Eddie's hand and prepares to get slapped or something.

Eddie rolls his eyes and moves his hand out of reach, Richie watches

his hands as they cut the small loaf in half and use the same knife to smear a thin layer of butter on the bread.

“Would you like some?” Eddie meekly asked, nodding towards his empty plate.

“Uh-uh yeah.” Richie couldn’t think of a joke or a one liner.

Eddie carefully picks up a slice, careful not to touch the buttered side and handed it to Richie.

As their fingers touched, Eddie could swear he felt electricity. Or maybe, it was just the shakiness of his hands and the warmth of Richie’s fingers.

“This is good.” Richie responded, with a mouthful of the bread. It was disgusting, and Eddie felt Ben’s eyes on his face... he must’ve been nervous that Eddie would say something about it.

“Yeah, they have nice bread.”

Beverly even looked at that, raising an eyebrow between the two like something scandalous happened.

Rolling his eyes, Eddie looked back at his “date”, he needed to remain civil if this was gonna work.

“So-“ Richie began, his thoughts a jumbled mess.

“Fuck me.” He pointed to Eddie, whose cheeks were suddenly bright red.

“Wha-“ Eddie began to say, heat rising to his head.

“Sorry, um.” Richie panicked looking around, “I have to powder my nose.” He said in his worst British accent and stood up, almost bumping into the waiter.

“Tally ho” is the last thing Eddie heard as he watched Richie run to the restroom.

TO BE CONTINUED

2. Potty Mouth

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie is an embarrassment & Eddie is angry, what's new?

Fuck
Fuck
Fuckity-Fuck Fuck
Fuck

Richie Tozier bolted to the restroom, knocking into a booth full of seven year olds.

"Sorry, I just umm... really have to pee, you know?." He nervously chuckled, hoping Eddie didn't see that. The kids just glared, willing him to leave with their chubby little fingers and their wide-eyes. Apparently they didn't know.

After escaping the first graders, he reached the mens room. He stared at himself in the mirror, silently cursing himself.

Stupid. Your stupid trashmouth got you in trouble again, he thought to himself. He couldn't bear to think about what Bev was thinking, she's probably embarrassed as hell and Ben is most likely telling Eddie that it's okay to leave.

"So... Fuck me." Richie mocked himself. Self deprivation was always his go-to. He leaned into the mirror, noticing the sweat on his brow. He quickly wiped it away as someone else entered the restroom.

"Talking to yourself Tozier, that's a new low." A voice sing-songed behind him. Oh come on! Richie looked in the mirror at none other than his date. Eddie had a small smile on his face, though, so Richie considered that a win. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad? He could just like annoyingly forward guys?

Richie was at a loss for words. For once in his life, he didn't know what to say next. So, instead, he thought of a new plan.

Assert dominance.

Stan once mentioned that guys, like himself, liked self-assured guys. So, Richie, ever the comedian, stacked on the asshole charm.

“Yes, Thomas Edison. I’m the best company I could ask for... I’m talkative, honest, sexy, kind of a beefcake (according to your mom) and I have got a big ole’ dick” He walks over to the urinal and looked at Eddie over his shoulder, smirking at the gaping boy.

“Now- if you’ll excuse me, I have to take a piss.”

Eddie rolled his eyes, and began washing his (most likely already clean) hands nervously, Richie assumed, by the sound of his nails scrubbing his skin.

“If you are just now peeing, what have you been doing for the past seven minutes?”

Good question Richie thought.

“It’s nice that you were counting. I was having an existential crisis but now I am all good.” He finished, unphased by Eddie’s presence behind his back. He turned, zippered up, he washed his hands next to Eddie.

Eddie mumbled something that sounded faintly haughty under his breath,

“What?” Richie asked, watching as Eddie’s cheeks flamed and the way he averted his eyes from his reflection.

“I said-“ Eddie cleared his throat, “honesty is a good quality.” He dusted invisible dirt of his suit jacket, looked at Richie, then proceeded to cover his face with his small hands.

Richie wanted nothing more than to call Eddie his in this moment. He was still confused though.

“I don’t get it, Spaghetti-“ he began, but was cut off by Eddie’s groan. Eddie grabbed Richie’s hands to make him look at him. His face still red, he moves his eyes to Richie’s hips and then back to his face. Once. Twice. Thrice.

Oh.
Ohhhhhh.

“Eddie! Jeepers Creepers Peepers man. I knew you thought I was hot but this?” He laughed out, realizing Eddie agrees that little Richie is “big”.

“Want a little Tozier action huh?” Richie thrust his hips obnoxiously in Eddie’s direction. Eddie feigned annoyance.

“Shut up!” Eddie yelled, “lets just go eat some fucking food and forget all the stupid, crazy shit that just happened in the last twenty minutes, alright?”

“Alright, alright, alrighty then.” Richie chuckled, opening the door up for his date. He fought the urge to spank his butt, it would be hilarious but he’s not sure it would be wanted. So, instead, he opts for mouthing “Thicker than a snicker” and pointing to it at the nearest waiter. The waiter gives him a thumbs up and a pat on the back. This is gonna be a good night.

NOT EVEN TEN MINUTES LATER

Ben ordered some fancy sauce thing that Eddie had no clue how to pronounce, Beverly ordered a fettuccine Alfredo, Richie ordered the spaghetti (shocking no one) and Eddie ordered the vegetarian lasagna.

The four of them had a nice chat about school, work and Leonardo DiCaprio. Eddie was starting to realize something... Richie was actually funny. Annoying? Yes. Bitchy? Of course. Charming? Sort of.

He made a comment about Eddie’s suit that was actually nice, he blushed a bit just thinking about it.

As the food arrived, they all thanked the waiters and dug in.

“Mmm this spaghetti is really good.” Richie voices after a bit of

silence... “I think I know what other spaghetti would be tasty. Eddie, why don’t you come over here and give me a -“

Beverly and Ben giggled as Eddie mock slammed his head down on the table a few times.

“Richie, do you ever just shut up?” Eddie growled, though his smile contradicted his tone of voice. Richie just idiotically bit his lip, leaning over the table and invading Eddie’s space.

“I’d let you shut me up, Eds.” He whispered slowly and seductively in his ear, then plopped back down in his seat with a grin, as if he didn’t just give Eddie a boner in the middle of a packed restaurant on a Tuesday. Yep, I was right. Eddie thought to himself, this is gonna be a long night.

And I think I like Richie Tozier.
I’m screwed.

This will be continued

Notes for the Chapter:

Not edited! Hope you liked it :) Richie and Eddie are so fun to write about that even me, a terrible writer, can get some joy from talking about these two losers. Please leave a comment, I’m new to the site and it would mean a lot...

Drop your tumblr name too if you want to chat!
Mine is @Legally_Devorak

Love ya, mean it.

Author's Note:

Unedited so please don’t hate me if there are mistakes. This story will continue. Please leave a comment!

Love ya, mean it.